THE PORT FOLIO.

ENLARGED.

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

"VARIOUS, THAT THE MIND
OF DESULTORY MAN, STUDIOUS OF CHANGE,
AND PLEAS'D WITH NOVELTY, MAY BE INDULGED."
COWPER.

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ORIGINAL PAPERS.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE AMERICAN LOUNGER.

BY SAMUEL SAUNTER, ESQ.

No. LXVII.

C'est un méchant métier que celui de médice.
BOILEAU.

TO SAMUEL SAUNTER, ESQ.

SIR,

AS I usually dedicate my evenings to that society, which, according to the expression of an eminent writer, "refines and polishes," in order to afford the mind a necessary relaxation from the toilsome routine of professional avocations, some little time subsequent to the publication of my last epistle, in the Lounger, I called upon a female acquaintance, with whom several others were assembled. I observed, at my entrance into the room, a whisper circulating, and very significative glances passing between its fair tenants; this circumstance might, perhaps, have discomposed a novice, but as experience had taught me that the ladies sometimes love to cover even trifles with a mysterious veil, I passed heedlessly on to make the customary salutations. In so doing, I overheard a low voice, which said "We'll be revenged, he shall know that we have tongues." A consciousness that this might be applicable to myself, caused a blush to suffuse my cheek, and, prompted by curiosity, to ascertain the purport of this enigmatical language, I eagerly demanded an explanation. Instead of an apposite reply to my inquiry, I was answered by a sudden exclamation: "and so, sir, you are Mr. Florian, or Mr. Cynic Momus; how dare you appear here, after giving us the opprobrious name of statues?" The matter was now sufficiently elucidated; I had committed the almost inexpiable fault of proclaiming what I humbly ventured to deem defective in the general tenor of their conduct. Knowing the consequences of a qualified admiration, I immediately began to deprecate their wrath, and extenuate my guilt, by a copious enumeration of the encomiums I had so profusely lavished on the sex, but was soon interrupted by a torrent of anathemas, fulminated with such an overwhelming volubility, that I was nearly induced to acknowledge the justness of ADDISON's quotation,

> I think, quoth Thomas, women's tongues
> Of Aspen leaves are made.

When permitted to speak, I abandoned the idea of justification, confessed my error, offered to make full reparation, and acquiesce, without a murmur, in whatever penance they should please to enjoin. After some discussion, it was ultimately resolved that the subject of my next essay should be our complicated injustice and effrontery, in taxing them with imperfections, which so far from being their exclusive and distinguishing feature, are equally, if not more, distinguishable in ourselves. This at first appeared an Herculean task, but a short reflexion convinced me that the theme was not altogether so unproductive as self-love would primarily have dictated; I, however, made a few representations on the magnitude of the undertaking; my judges continued inflexible, and peremptorily ordered me to commence by an explicit avowal that the male part of the community is, perhaps, still farther removed, than they, from the due medium of decent reserve, and moderate communicativeness, which I had inculcated as the standard of a proper deportment in convivial meetings. Those who are conversant with our polite circles will readily admit that this confession could be made without any great violation of truth. To observe one of our fashionable beaux enter a room, seat himself near a lady, superciliously examine her dress, tell her, perhaps, that she looks divinely, then draw out his tooth-pick, loll on the chair, and leave her to her own reflexions, a spectator, who adopts the maxim of forming his estimate of the whole, from the conduct of a few, would be inclined to suppose that his companion was ostensibly devoid of animation, more through the want of a proper subject for its exercise, than from any real deficiency. When not thus listlessly inane, or affectedly stupid, it is usual, with us, to pass to the other extreme of obstreperous garrulity. "When we see, says Addison, in one of his speculations, a fellow, loud and talkative, full of insipid life and laughter, we may venture to declare him a female favourite; noise and flutter are accomplishments they cannot withstand." This assertion was, perhaps, gratuitous, or possibly authorised by the levity of the age, but I think it may be pronounced, with confidence, that the present does not entirely sanction the same erroneous idea, which we have formed, and which numbers practice in its full latitude. I have often heard it asserted in the course of familiar argumentation, that, to the mind of a woman, sense and reason are almost always obtrusive, that every thing which tends to inform the understanding, or ameliorate the heart, must be exiled from our discourse, and, in fine, that, to become a female favourite, we must be "loud and talkative, full of insipid life and laughter." Their society is universally allowed to be, under some points of view, susceptible of the most beneficial consequences. The reciprocal communication of sentiment to which it gives rise, the diffusive power of a softer nature, and a more placid disposition, the small attentions and assiduities they exact, refine the feelings, polish the manners, and chasten the imagination, mitigate our natural ferocity, and extend their genial influence over every degree and every act of social life. It has, however, been strongly urged that the mind receives an effeminate taint, because levity is liable to become habitual. The gay sallies of wit, and the sportive effusions of humour are requisite to exhilirate, and yield us a temporary relief from the oppressive burden of care; but if they are to be superceded by trifling, and 'noise and flutter,' the objection may appear well founded, and I know of no advantage which could serve as an adequate counterpoise. When a man of good sense, in the common affairs of life, corresponds to the character delineated above, she, whom he wishes to entertain, may safely conclude that he holds her understanding in contempt. While he details the commonplace observations of the day, or pours forth the hackneyed panegyric of the innumerable graces of her person, the irresistible fire of her eye, or, perhaps, the strength of her intellect, it is not presumption to affirm, that he covertly laughs at her credulity, and despises her want of penetration. A woman of vigorous fancy, and cultivated talents, is thus oftentimes condemned to listen for hours, to a tissue of absurdity, which generates languor and disgust, and impedes the display of powers that may only require scope to instruct and delight. As this grievance is already great, and from its rapid increase, demands an immediate check, I proposed a remonstrance, couched in the following terms, and stamped with their common signature. "Whereas knowing it to have been the doctrine of Plato that men alone were the primitive inhabitants of the earth, but, on account of their degeneracy, both in virtue and understanding, that a part was transformed into women, and judging from the conduct of numbers of the present day, that an idea prevails, similar or equally derogatory to the honour of our sex, we do hereby give public notice, that we intend to demonstrate the fallacy of such opinions, by the sovereign contempt we shall hereafter show for their infallible consequences, the insipid stuff and fulsome adulation with which we are continually importuned." One of my fair hearers smiled at the technical language of my notification, and testified her concurrence, although with apparent distrust in its efficacy, as a corrective. Again, said she, changing the subject, we are accused of a peculiar predilection for scandal, but ingenuously confess that you are no less fond of discovering and emblazoning the defects of others, that you can scrutinize faults with as prying an eye, and publish them with equal malignity, that it is your common practice, when invidiously extolling even our merits, to mar them by the suggestion of, perhaps, some imaginary blemish. I obeyed, and with fewer scruples than before. It can scarcely be contended that envy and malevolence, the springs of defamation, are more predominant in the breasts of one than of the other sex. We are, indeed, more circumspect in giving vent to those baneful passions, but it is a circumspection founded in fear. Their operation is restrained by the dread of that chastisement, which men mutually inflict for acrimonious censure, or violent invective. The knowledge of our strength and the strong bias to revenge, implanted by Nature, stimulate us, on the one hand, to repel injurious aspersions, and, on the other, curb the mind in the moment of indiscriminate abuse, and prevent the diffusion of that venom, which pride or private animosity may cause to rankle in the heart. Sir Richard Steele, in one of his papers, pourtrays a character, who incessantly rails at defamers, and, at the same time, never fails to blend a copious flow of scandal with his animadversions. I have met, a few days ago, with a case somewhat analogous, which may serve to

convince us that the portrait is not merely ideal, and to exemplify the wide line of distinction between our precept and example. Happening to be in company with an old gentleman, of a splenetic habit, and his wife, already past her great climacteric, a person present mentioned a frailty, incident to a certain family, which had been long resident in their vicinage, and to which they had always manifested the most unequivocal testimonies of friendship. A Spanish author, in endeavouring to divine the causes of the superior flippancy of the female tongue, has humorously imagined it to possess a peculiar nerve, a fibre, uncommonly attenuated, on which the imperfections of others operate, so as to give it a continual tremulous motion. I never was better pleased with the ingenuity of his hypothesis than at this instant. The few words uttered seemed to produce a like effect on the lady, who instantaneously commenced a critical analysis of their virtues and vices, with a height of colouring, a fluency of speech, and a profusion of abusive epithets, that would not have dishonoured even the prolific brain of a well known attorney-general. When her loquacity permitted, the husband occasionally introduced his own remarks, but, finally, impatient that she monopolised the whole merit of exposing the weakness of their good neighbours, with a grave countenance, and an authoritative tone, he cut her short by "Hush, my dear, you women are too much addicted to scandal; say nothing against them, a *pack of thieves!*"

I had just begun to discuss some other topics, to recriminate the usual charge of instability, and to refute the sentiment contained in the celebrated couplet of a Florentine epigrammatist,

Quid levius plumâ? pulvus, quid pulvere? ventus.
Quid vento? mulier, quid muliere? nihil.

which, from its libellous nature, must remain clothed in the obscurity of a learned language, when the sound of the clock announced the hour of departure.

It would be hypocritical to assert that this interruption occasioned me any great regret. I was entering upon a devious path which required more dexterity than I possessed, to be trod with safety or honour, and was, therefore, rejoiced to find an opportunity of practising the prudential maxim of retreating, rather than to suffer a defeat. Before separation, however, I received positive commands to commit to paper the most important part of our dialogue, and transmit them for publicity to the Lounger.

I have accordingly obeyed, and submit it to your tribunal to decide, whether the doctrine advanced be generally orthodox. Although a Lounger you are entitled to a dictatorial and remedial authority, such as has been exercised by your great predecessors in England. It is our duty to point out evils, and your province to remove them by the gentle mean of advice, or the more powerful antidote of coercion. I shall, for once, usurp a branch of your prerogative, in strenuously recommending to my brethren this salutary counsel of the Gospel, "take the beam from thine own eye, before thou perceivest the moat in that of another."

FLORIAN.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE LAY PREACHER.

And sad visions appeared unto them with heavy countenances.

With the punctuality of a merchant, I shall now perform the promise made in my last speculation. I then took occasion to review and to reprove the fantastic romances of the eighteenth century. To shew some of their operations upon nervous, timid, and, indeed, upon all exquisitely organized systems, shall be the business of this sermon. In my digressive manner, a few topics, slightly connected with the main design will be started; and may possibly add to the amusement of the reader, though they will hardly improve his logic.

If, as the farmers say, 'my memory serves me,' Dr. Beattie has somewhere cautioned youthful readers of sensibility to beware of immoderately indulging in the perusal of such works as the Night Thoughts of Young. This judicious Scotchman assigns an excellent reason for his rule. For he adds that books, which present sometimes false, and always gloomy views of life, and which wear out the mind by a constant succession of horrors, must ultimately prove pernicious. For terrific and mournful images are, from their very nature, striking; and, to men of strong fancy, easily adherent. Hence, in times of grief and sickness, and even amid the common calamities and cares of life, such images will rise, and, in a 'long, unbroken, funeral train,' will continually pass before our distracted eyes. One of the most useful and necessary of our virtues is Fortitude; a companion, in the season of distress, absolutely necessary to enable the fretful impatience of our nature to tolerate its woes. But when, from our habits of reading and thinking, spectres, demons, Melancholy, Sorrow, black cares, and 'sights unholy,' are present with us, Fortitude flies away. We mistake the phantoms of Imagination for the ills of life. The poison of Romance tips every arrow from the quiver of Fate; and we fall victims, not so much to the fever in our veins, or to the poverty of our coffers, as to the despondency of our thoughts, and to the 'giant of Despair.'

In the works of Mrs. Radcliff, and of all her imitators, mournful or horrible description predominates. The authors go out of the walks of Nature, to find some dreadful incident. Appalling noises must be created. Ghosts must be manufactured by dozens. A door is good for nothing, in the opinion of a romance writer, unless it creak. The value of a room is much enhanced by a few dismal groans. A chest full of human bones is twice as valuable as a casket of diamonds. Every grove must have its quiet disturbed, by the devil, in some shape or other. Not a bit of tapestry but must conceal a corpse; not an oak can grow, without sheltering banditti. Now, in real life, examined in any age, or in any country, we cannot find such a series, such a combination of horrible events, as the romance writers display in almost every page. All their knights are 'knights of the Doleful Countenance.' Fortunately for mortals, though there is much misfortune, and much evil here, yet every object is not covered with a pall. There are objects less sable to our eyes than the coffin. It is a misrepresentation to state that the whole world resembles Bunyan's valley of the shadow of death. It is mischievous to exhibit such a false picture. It enfeebles the mind. It induces a habit of melancholy; it strengthens frantic fear, a passion remarkable, according to Collins, for beholding 'appalled the unreal scene.' Instead of thus wantonly weakening the mind, by directing its attention to ghastly illusions, to 'horrible shadows, and unreal mockery,' we should adopt the discipline of the Poet,

That superstition mayn't create
And club its ills with those of fate,
I many a notion take to task,
Made dreadful by its vizor mask,
Since optic Reason shews me plain,
I dreaded spectres of the brain.

If I had a friend of exquite sensibility, whose irritable nerves vibrated like the chords of music, I would lock up Mrs. Radcliff's novels from his morbid curiosity. I would not suffer him to turn pale at the thoughts of any of her ghosts. He should 'laugh and shake in Rabelais' easy chair.' He should not walk in any of her galleries, nor abide in any of her courts. I would address him in the words of the sensible Green.

Love not so much the doleful knell,
And news the boding night birds tell;
Nor in imprest remembrance keep
Grim tap'stry figures wrought in sleep;
Nor rise to see, in antique hall,
The moonlight monsters on the wall;
And shadowy spectres darkly pass,
Trailing their sables o'er the grass.

A hypochondriac would be as much injured by the perusal of the woeful romance, as by a denial of air and exercise. He would fancy, like Don Quixote, that his sick chamber was a castle. He would mistake his nurse for a witch; and call his apothecary 'Montoni.' He would convert his phials into 'vials of wrath' and poison, and insist that his pill box was made of 'gloomy pine or black larch wood.'

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

AN AUTHOR'S EVENINGS.

FROM THE SHOP OF MESSRS. COLON AND SPONDEE.

Yestereve, after toiling through a dull romance from the German, and duller poetry from some of the sonnetteers of the day, I listened to Nature, Simplicity, and Robert Burns. The following song is specially designated, by the writers in the Critical Review, as conspicuous, not merely for its fluency of verse, but for the arch simplicity of the rural maiden.

The constancy of affection, even should it forfeit family favour; the recommendation of wariness to a lover, supposed to be watched in his approaches to his mistress; the rapid step over the stile; the feigned indifference of a visit; and the trick of the averted, yet speaking eye, are all picturesque circumstances, and true to Passion and Nature.

O whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad,
O whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad,
Tho' father and mother, and a' should gae mad,
O whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad.
But warily tent, when ye come to court me,
And come na, unless the back yett be a jee;
Syne up the back stile, and let naebody see,
And come, as ye were na coming to me,
And come, as ye were na coming to me.

O whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad,
O whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad;
Tho' father and mother, and a' should gae mad,
O whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad.
At Kirk, or at market, whene er ye meet me,
Gang by me, as though that ye car'd na a flee;
But steal me a blink o' your bonnie black e'e,
Yet look, as ye were na looking at me.
O whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad,
O whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad.

In a letter to his friend, Mr. Thomson, Burns has thus amended a line of his own ballad. "In this song the iteration of one line is tiresome to my ear. Here goes what I think an improvement.

O whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad,
O whistle!
Tho' father and mother, and a' should gae mad,
Thy Jenny will venture wi' ye, my lad.

In fact, a fair dame, at whose shrine I, the priest of the nine, offer up the incense of Parnassus; a dame, whom the Graces have attired in witchcraft, and whom the Loves have armed with lightning, insists on the amendment, and dispute her commands, if you dare."

Dr. Currie, the elegant and affectionate Editor of the works of our bard, declares he had heard the heroine of this song sing it herself in the very spirit of arch simplicity, that it requires.

The Rev. W. L. Bowles, the author of a series of sonnets, incomparably the best in the English tongue, and, neither in tenderness nor sweetness, inferior to those of Petrarch, has published a descriptive Poem, of some length, entitled 'St. Michael's Mount.' In the beginning of this Poem we find an invocation and a simile, so poetically and so sublimely expressed, that I will venture to transfer them to the Port Folio, for the edification of those, who, like myself, sometimes love to sit up late, in the evening, for the sake of conversing with a Bard.

Mountain! no pomp of waving woods hast thou,
That deck with varied shade thy hoary brow;
No sunny meadows at thy feet are spread,
No streamlets sparkle o'er their pebbly bed.
But thou canst boast thy beauties—ample views,
That catch the rapt eye of the pausing Muse;
Headlands around new lighted, sails and seas
Now glassy smooth, now wrinkling to the breeze.
And when the drisly Winter, wrapt in sleet,
Goes by, and wind and rain thy ramparts beat,
Fancy can see thee, standing thus aloof,
And frowning, bleak and bare, and tempest proof.
Look, as with awful confidence, and brave
The howling hurricane, the dashing wave,
More graceful, when the storm's dark vapours frown,
Than when the Summer suns in pomp go down.

And such is he, who clad in homely weeds,
And boasting little more than nature needs,
Can wrap him in contentedness, and wear
A port unchang'd, in seasons rude or fair.
His may be Fancy's sunshine, and the Muse
May deck his visions with her fairest hues;
And he may lift his honest front, and say,
To the hard storm, that rends his locks of grey,
"I heed thee not;" he, unappall'd, may stand,
Beneath the cloud, that shades a sinking land,
While heedless of the storm, that onward sweeps,
Mad, impious Riot his loud wassal keeps,
Pre-eminent in native worth; nor bend,
Though gathering ills on his bare head descend:
And when the wasteful storm sweeps on its prey,
And rends the kingdoms of the world away,
He, firm as stands the rock's unshaken base,
Yet panting for a surer resting place,
The human hurricane unmov'd can see,
And say "O, GOD, my refuge is in thee!"

—

The following parrallel, published, last year, in a collection of original poems, at London, will remind the man of letters of Waller's Amoret and Sacharissa.

THE RIVAL SISTERS.

Imitated from the French.

Alike two sparkling eyes you boast,
Whose lustre oft in gazing lost,
Enraptur'd we adore;
The difference is, with endless wiles,
One tries their force; the other smiles,
Unconscious of their power.

To win our unsuspecting hearts,
Alike in both Love's fatal darts,
In every look are found:
The difference is, on conquest bent,
One throws them round, with fell intent—
The other ne'er would wound.

Of melting heart each is possess'd,
Of love susceptible each breast,
With youthful ardour strong:
The difference is, the flame of one,
With transient glow, would quickly burn,
The other's mild and long.

Alike to charm, by Nature form'd,
Each is with every grace adorn'd,
A passion each excites:
The difference is, the one's design'd
By Art to please; the other's mind
By sentiment delights.

Alike, with intellectual force,
Each can enliven her discourse,
Each gain attentive ear:
The difference is, with sprightly wit
One shines; to t'other we submit

Alike to boundless power you reach;
A thousand knees alike to each,
In captive suit are bent!
The difference is, one seeks them ALL;
The other would but ONE enthrall—
With one fond heart content!

Alike you bloom in beauty's prime;
With either blest we pass our time,
And both our praise acquire:
The difference is, the wise will say,
The one would please us—for a day,
The other never tire.

MISCELLANY.

[The following Essay may please those who will not read Linnæus, and have not leisure even for Goldsmith, Bewick, or Buffon.]

ON THE STUDY OF NATURE.

I WOULD recommend to all persons, who have not a regular profession, to adopt some pursuit, analogous to their inclination and genius. The study of nature is the finest employment for the human mind, whether we comprehend the great outline, or the most minute particle of the universe. I have been reading the tracts, collected by the late very ingenious and amiable Mr. Benjamin Stillingfleet, on the Economy of Nature, and think no person can peruse the book without having his mind enlarged, and his gratitude excited, from discovering the wise system of the whole. From this interesting publication I have collected the following extracts on the progress of vegetation.

'The crustaceous lichens, or liver-worts, are the first foundation of vegetation, and, therefore, are plants of the utmost consequence in the economy of nature, though despised by us. When rocks first emerge out of the sea, they are so polished by the force of the waves, that scarce any herb can find a fixed habitation upon them. The very minute crustaceous liver-worts begin soon to cover these dry rocks, although they have no other nourishment but that small quantity of mould, and almost imperceptible particles, which the rain and air bring thither. These liver-worts dying, at last turn into a very fine earth; on this bed, the imbricated, or scaly liver-worts find a place wherein to strike their roots: these also die, after a time, rot and turn into mould; and then the various kinds of mosses find their proper place, and nourishment: lastly, these dying, in their turn, and rotting, afford such a plenty of new-formed mould, that herbs and shrubs easily root and live upon it.

Thistles are peculiarly useful in assisting and promoting the growth of other plants. Suppose a heap of clay, which for many years has supplied no vegetation; let the seeds of the thistle blow there and grow; these plants will not only thrive themselves, but attracting by their leaves the moisture of the air, send it into the clay by means of their roots, and render the ground more nutritious. Under these circumstances, less hardy plants will take root, and, sheltered under the leaves of the thistles, will flourish in great abundance.

The bog-moss covers deep bogs with its spongy substance, and thus, by degrees, turns them into fertile meadows; other kinds of mosses preserve the minute seeds of plants during the winter, shelter their roots, and prevent them from freezing.

The greatest part of all the black mould, which covers the earth, is composed of dead vegetables; for when a plant has lost its stem, the root remains, rots by degrees, and changes into mould. By these means, this kind of earth is mixed with sandy soils, by the contrivance of Nature, nearly in the same way as dung thrown upon fields, is wrought into the earth by the in-

The earth, thus prepared, again offers to plants, from its bosom, that support, which it has received from them. When seeds are committed to the ground, they draw to themselves, accommodate to their nature, and turn into plants, the more subtle parts of this mould, by the co-operation of the sun, air, clouds, rain, and wind; so that the tallest trees are, properly speaking, nothing but mould, wonderfully compounded with air and water. The truth of this assertion is proved from a chemical experiment: a piece of oak, when decompounded, yields one-third air, a third water, and a third charcoal or earth. From these plants, when they die, just the same mould is formed as gave birth to them originally, but in such a manner, as to yield a greater quantity than before. Vegetables, therefore, increase the black mould; and thus fertility remains continually uninterrupted. For earth could not furnish its annual consumption, unless it was constantly recruited by new supplies.

That trees, when they are dry or cut down, may not remain useless, nature hastens their destruction in a singular way. First, the liver-worts begin to strike root in them, afterwards the moisture is drawn out of them, and putrefaction follows. Then the mushrooms find a fit place for nourishment, and corrupt them still more. The musk-beetle next forces a way between the bark and the wood. Other beetles and caterpillers form an infinite number of holes through the trunk. Lastly, the wood-peckers, in seeking for insects, wear away the tree, already corrupted, till the whole passes into earth.

Thus the first vegetation is produced, and thus it is continued, till it enables us to raise those innumerable plants, which afford a study for the whole life of man; and though all have not time to acquire considerable knowledge on this subject, yet every one may contrive to obtain a tolerable degree of curious information.

There are persons who call themselves rational creatures, that come into the world, and remain there even to old age, who never saw the creation but from afar: just like the brute beast, which cannot fail of seeing the verdure and various colours, that clothe the earth, but proceed no farther. If any one should be carried into a botanic garden to see the immense quantity of plants, brought together from all countries, with incredible trouble, care, and expense, should he only observe that the leaves were green, and the flowers of various colours, could he be truly and justly said to have seen the garden?

Linnæus used to excite the attention of his audience by apt similitudes when he was reading upon natural philosophy to his pupils; one of his fables was as follows: The seven wise men of Greece, meeting at Athens, agreed that every one should mention what he thought the greatest wonder in the creation. One of them, of higher conceptions than the rest, proposed the opinion of some of the astronomers about the fixed stars, which they believed to be so many suns, each with its revolving planets, well stored with plants, animals, and other productions, like the earth. Fired with this thought, they agreed to supplicate Jupiter that he would permit them to take a journey to the moon, and stay there, at least, three days, in order to see the wonders of the place, and give an account of them at their return. Jupiter consented, and ordered them to assemble on a high mountain, where there should be a cloud ready to convey them to the moon; they were accompanied by some chosen companions, who might assist them in describing and painting the objects which most struck their attention. At length they arrived at the moon, and found a habitation well fitted for their reception. The next day, being very much fatigued with their journey, they remain-

hey refreshed themselves with a most delicious entertainment, which so entirely engrossed their attention, as to overcome their curiosity. This day they only saw, through the windows, a delightful spot, adorned with the most beautiful flowers, to which the beams of the sun gave an uncommon lustre; and heard the singing of most melodious birds, till evening arrived. The next day they arose very early, in order to begin their observations; but some very beautiful young ladies advised them first to recruit their strength, before they exposed themselves to the laborious task, which they had undertaken: the delicate meat, the richs wines, the beauty of the damsels, prevailed over the resolutions of these strangers. A fine concert of music was introduced: the younger part of the company began to dance, and the scene was entirely jovial. This whole day was passed in gallantry, till some of the neighbouring inhabitants, envious at their mirth, rushed in with drawn swords. The elder part of the company tried to appease the younger, promising, the very next day, to bring the rioters to justice; this they performed: the third day the cause was heard, and the whole day was engaged in accusations, pleadings, exceptions, and passing judgment; on which the term, specified by Jupiter, expired.

On their return to Greece, all the country flocked around them to hear the wonders of the moon; but all they could tell was, for that was all they knew, that the ground was covered with green, intermixed with flowers, and that the birds sung amongst the branches of the trees; but what kinds of flowers they saw, or what kinds of birds they heard, they were totally ignorant. On making this declaration they were all treated with that contempt which they so justly merited. The president then addressed his pupils: "I advise you to take example by this fable, and not to waste the short time allotted to you in luxuries, gallantries, and contentions; the study of nature is before you; explore her beauties and her virtues: observe and admire!"

BIOGRAPHY.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

[An article so pleasing as the life of a man of letters, will be perused with additional interest, when it is perceived that it is original.]

LIFE OF FLORIAN.

John Peter Claris de Florian, was born in 1755, at a mansion bearing the family name of Florian, in the province of the lower Cevennes, at some distance from Anduze, and from Saint Hipolyte. This mansion or chateau had been built by the poet's grandfather, who had wasted a fortune in erecting a magnificent building on a very small estate, and at his decease left his two sons nothing but this estate, and a heavy load of debts. The second of these sons was our Florian's father. The grandfather conceived a strong affection for his grandchild, and took a pleasure in bringing him up under his own eyes. It was by accompanying him in his rural rambles and excursions, that those sentiments of veneration for old age, of mild and tender melancholy, of sensibility to the pleasure of pastoral life, which he so often expressed in his works, were originally formed in the mind of young Florian.

Another cause, which perhaps contributed to give that tincture of pleasing melancholy to his writings, which is one of their greatest charms, was the death of his mother, at so early a period of his life, that he could scarcely be said to have known her. She was a woman of fine understanding, and remarkable for her fondness and taste for literature. Differing in this respect from her husband, who, though a worthy and honorable man, was never smitten with the charms of the muses, and cultivated his lands much more assiduously than his mind. Florian always considered himself as having derived his favorite affections and his highest talents from his mother. He always lamented the misfortune of having been deprived of her maternal solicitude and instructions. As he advanced in life and rapidly ascended towards the summit of literary eminence, a new regret naturally connected itself with the recollection of his mother. He felt the delight which had her life been prolonged, she would have enjoyed in the fame and success of her son, and with the genuine emotions of filial piety, sighed to think that her eyes had been closed in death, before she could enjoy even an anticipation of his reputation.

The affectionate reverence for the memory of his mother, which never abandoned him, gave a peculiar turn to his studies, and had an important influence in directing him to the path he selected in his career of glory. She originated from a Spanish family. His filial attachment inspired him with a predilection for the Spanish nation—their language, their history, and their literature, became the objects of his partial pursuit. There he found that Gonzalvo of Cordova, whose exploits he has celebrated with so much ardour. There he met the model of the pastoral romance, intermingled with songs, which he adopted by imitating the Galatea of Cervantes, and which he improved in the Estelle, with materials of his own invention. Yriarte furnished him the subjects of many of his fables; Don Quixote, under his hands was compressed into a compass, and adorned with graces of style which renewed the youth, and restored the declining interest of the sad-brow'd knight. He projected even a work of which the literary world feels the want, a complete history of Spain, and the loss of this, by his premature death, is one of those robberies for which the savage vandals of the French revolution are answerable to mankind.

After the death of his grandfather, young Florian was sent to school at Saint Hipolyte. Here he learnt little; but he was distinguished by the liveliness of his wit; and his relations received such an account of his quickness and capacity, as induced them to bestow upon him all the advantages that education could confer. His father's elder brother had married a niece of Voltaire. This connection introduced him to the intimacy, and to the family of the philosopher at Ferney; who was delighted with his pleasant gaiety, his quick repartees, and his graceful manners. He maintained a friendly correspondence with him, which is published among his works, and first introduced him to the notice of the world. These facts gave rise to the report which has been circulated, and published in print, that he was the nephew of Voltaire. The connection between them was however, only that abovementioned.

From Ferney, Florian went to Paris, where he received the aid of the customary masters, in the cultivation of his talents. Here he passed several years, during which he often visited his aunt Hornoy, at her seat in Picardy. He was already destined to the military profession, and felt the propriety of cherishing in his mind the military spirit. The old romances of chivalry, which he read with much pleasure, took such possession of him, that on the first perusal of Don Quixote, where they are so severely ridiculed, he was rather disgusted than entertained with the hero of La Mancha. He could scarcely forgive Cervantes for deriding with so little mercy those heroes, who were the objects of his admiration.

His family being somewhat straitened in their circumstances, obtained in 1768, admission for him as a page, in the service of the duke of Penthievre, where they hoped to secure him the benefits of the best education, without being subjected to its expence; and to promote his future fortune by the powerful patronage of that prince. The education of pages was however generally too much neglected, and young Florian, without the resources of his own merit, would have made little proficiency in a school, better calculated to form a courtier than a man of letters.

During his attendance here, and in his fifteenth year, Florian first commenced his career as an author, in a manner somewhat singular. The duke de Penthievre was a man of good sense, of cultivated taste, and of great benevolence. He soon distinguished young Florian from the rest of his attendants, and was pleased with his lively wit, and inoffensive gaiety. One day while he was in conversation with the curate of St. Eustache, some observations of a serious nature were introduced, upon the composition of sermons. In the midst of the conversation, Florian took occasion to remark, that it was no very difficult thing to make a sermon; adding, that if put to the test, he made no doubt but he could write one himself. The prince immediately took him at his word, and staked fifty louis d'ors against the seemingly presumptuous page, that he would not accomplish the undertaking. The curate of St. Eustache was made the umpire of the wager.

Florian went to work without delay, and in the course of a few days, produced, to the astonishment both of the prince and of the curate, a sermon upon Death, which might without disgrace have encountered the scrutiny of public criticism. The duke immediately paid the stake, expressing the highest satisfaction in the loss of the wager. The curate took possession of the sermon, and had it preached to his parish. The French biographer of Florian, has published two extracts from the manuscript of this sermon, found among his papers, and they are such as to prove satisfactorily that the triumph of Florian in this undertaking, was very justly deserved.

At the expiration of his term of service as page, after some hesitation in the choice of an employment, he determined to enter the army, and was admitted into the royal corps of artillery. The school belonging to this institution, was at Bapaume, whither he repaired, and devoted himself to the mathematical studies, which the profession he had now chosen rendered necessary. In these studies he was successful, for he always mastered with ease every science to which he turned his attention. But his genius was too poetical, for the trammels of algebra and geometry. The eye that was continually glancing from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven, could not confine itself to the minuteness and accuracy of calculations of infinitesimals; the imagination that was ever hodying forth the forms of things unknown, could not long submit to be cramped within the lines of a triangle, or quartered into the sections of a cone. He soon abandoned his mathematics, and never after had occasion, or felt the inclination to resume them.

The discipline at the school of Bapaume was loose and defective. A number of youths were there assembled, destined to the profession of arms, at an age which peculiarly requires the restraint of a prudent superintendence, and of judicious regulations, they were given up to the licentiousness of their own humours, and abandoned to the combined influence of their youthful impetuosity, and of the quick and testy spirit of honour, which generally belongs to the military character until softened down by years and experience. From the frequency of the quarrels among the pupils of Bapaume, it seemed rather a school for duelling than for military science. Florian could not escape altogether the infection of this ungovernable and ferocious spirit. He was several times wounded in the issue of contests which he could not avoid. These disorder-

continued and increased until it was found necessary to abolish the establishment itself.

About this time Florian, obtained a company of cavalry in the regiment of Penthievre, which was garrisoned at Maubeuge. Here he contracted an attachment for a young lady of merit and beauty. Ardent in his passions, it was with difficulty that his friends dissuaded him from a marriage, which neither his age nor the state of his fortune could justify. Reluctant and unwilling, he finally sacrificed the darling sentiment of his heart; but not until it had polished and refined his character, with a tenderness and sensibility, which utterly contrasted with the temper he must have imbibed at the school of Bapaume.

By the interest of his friends, and the regard which the duke de Penthievre still retained for him, Florian obtained the privilege of entering his service again, without being obliged to resign his commission or rank in the army. His residence was thus fixed at Paris, and much leisure time being thrown upon his hands, his taste for literature, and particularly for the Spanish language, revived with great ardour. His first work was a translation of the Galatea of Cervantes, which he altered, amplified and completed, by the addition of a fourth book—the original being an unfinished work. The extraordinary success of this first essay induced him to write his Estelle, on a plan somewhat similar, but with materials of his own invention. They both concurred to establish his reputation, and encouraged him to write an essay upon pastoral composition, to prove that when confined to the simplicity of the eclogue, this species of writing must necessarily be cold and lifeless; but that it can easily be made interesting and useful, by combining it with the drama, or with the narrative of a romance. It is not necessary here to discuss this theory: The reader of Florian's Galated, and Estelle, will need no art of poetry, to convince him that romance and pastoral may be united with the most pleasing effect.

He next undertook to write for the theatre; and an attachment he had formed for one of the performers, at what was then called the Italian theatre, decided his preference. On the English stage, Harlequin never appears but as a mute character, whose whole merit consists in his agility; but among the Italians, where this personage originated, and the French, who adopted him as an Italian, and retained him even after he had become a native of their soil, he has always been liberally gifted with speech, and had a peculiar and appropriate character, a ludicrous combination of shrewdness and simplicity, of knavery and good nature. Florian, who was himself a very good performer, and frequently appeared on private theatres in this character of Harlequin, undertook to reform his morals, by endowing him with honesty and sensibility. In a series of plays he therefore exhibited him in various situations of life—as a lover, a husband, a father, and a son. These plays were very much admired in France, and excepting during the interval of revolutionary midnight, have been favourites of the public on the stage to the present day.

Success in dramatic composition has a charm, more gratifying to the self-love of an author, than in any other department of literature. Public applause in other cases, must be inferred from the rapidity of circulation which a book obtains, from the varying and uncertain judgment of the periodical critics; or from the compliments of which good nature, good breeding or friendship, are much more lavish than taste or sincerity. On the stage, the scattered particles of approbation are embodied, the silent pleasure of a thousand separate readers is concentrated into one great auditory: it is no longer mute; it speaks with a voice loud as thunder and sweet as the whispers of love. Florian therefore, after having tasted of this fascinating cup, became more and more delighted with the stage, and continued writing plays, until in compliance with the wish of his patron, he turned his views towards a still higher region of Parnassus, and after preparing his way by several tales or novels, published his Numa Pompilius, a work which has been translated into almost every language of Europe, and which may be read with pleasure even by those judges, whom the Telemachus of Fenelon has made fastidious.

The habit of labour which he had contracted, grew upon him until it became in some sort a necessary of life. He never suffered a day to pass without writing something, and often wrote from morning to night. While in the midst of a work, he was already projecting one to succeed it. At the recommendation of the duke, he began to write fables, but published none until he had collected an hundred; and after keeping them several years, gave them to the world only three or four years before his death. He considered this as his most valuable work, and the public opinion in France appears to concur with his own. These fables are held in estimation next to those of La Fontaine, and may stand on a parallel with those of the duke de Nivernois. They are divided into five books, and preceded by a judicious and amusing critical dissertation upon fable-writing, a translation of which appeared in the Port Folio, Vol. 1, No. 15 and 16.

(To be continued.)

LAW INTELLIGENCE.

COURT OF KING'S BENCH.

NUISANCE.

THE KING v. LLOYD.

This was an indictment against the defendant for having erected a steam engine, to the great annoyance of his majesty's liege subjects.

Mr. Gibbs stated that the defendant Lloyd is proprietor of certain hot-baths, in Bagnio-court, Newgate street, He was likewise a baker, and carried on the baking trade in the same premises. About the beginning of the year 1801, he had erected a steam engine, for the double purpose of warming the baths and of driving a flour-mill. This was found by the neighbourhood, to be an intolerable nuisance. It worked incessantly, day and night, Sundays and week-days. The noise of the machinery was so great, that people at a considerable distance were disturbed in their sleep; but still greater inconvenience was produced by the smoke. Such a thick darkness was sometimes produced by it, that it was found necessary to light candles at mid-day, and all those towards whose houses the wind carried it, were obliged to shut their doors and windows, from the immense quantity of soot which it contained. A great dread was even entertained in that quarter, of fires, as the flame issued forth from this furnace with the most tremendous and threatening appearance. The law of the case was so clear, that he should not touch upon it, and when he had proved these facts, the jury would of course find for the Crown.

Mr. Plumer, a laceman, Mr. Demur, a schoolmaster, Mr. Crispo, a fan-stick carver; and several others were then called, who, to be sure, described themselves as very much aggrieved by this steam engine; but they all came from the immediate neighbourhood of the defendant's premises, establishing their own right to bring an action for these private injuries, rather than proving this to be a public nuisance; and it did not appear from them that any tenant or lodger had quitted a house on account of the supposed nuisance, or that any of the witnesses had been hurt in their health or business. At last one gentleman observing that if the furnace was raised up 30 or 40 feet, all the mischiefs complained of would be remedied—

Lord Ellenborough asked whether it might not be possible to come to some compromise, without going to the *apices juris* upon such a subject; and having it decided whether this was a nuisance or not? His lordship said he would be for shewing considerable tenderness to steam engines, to which this country was so much indebted.

Mr. Garrow observed, that a method had been discovered of making smoke consume itself, and even afford fresh materials for fire. This was done now almost universally in Manchester.

Mr. Erskine said he did not know what new improvements might lately have been introduced into Manchester, but the last time he was travelling to that sweet place, he was involved in such thick darkness when he came within a few miles of it, that he completely lost his way.

After some conversation, it was agreed to refer the matter to Mr. Serjeant Bailly, that he might say whether the engine, in its present state, was a nuisance or not—and if it were, whether it could be remedied, or must be abated.

Mr. Gurney was counsel for the defendant.

PARLIAMENTARY ELOQUENCE.

[The wit and humour of RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN are displayed in all his speeches, not less conspicuously than in his sparkling comedies. Whatever may be thought of his politics, not one can forbear admiring his genius, and relishing his merriment]

SPEECH

Delivered in the House of Commons, Dec. 1802, on the subject of the peace establishment.

Mr. Sheridan rose, he said he was surprised to hear some gentlemen say that the character of the first consul of France was not to be mentioned with frankness, much less with roughness, in that house, He should not, however, use much reserve on this subject. He must fairly say, that the conduct of that personage towards Switzerland had considerable influence on his feelings and opinions. He agreed with his hon. friend, Mr. Fox, in wishing to preserve peace if possible: but if strong provocations were offered, he wished that our proceedings should be at once prompt and resolute, let the consequences be what they might. A great man (Mr. Burke) but who had greatly erred in his opinion of the French revolution, had presented France "as a blank in the map of Europe." Was that the case at the present moment? Quite the reverse. The old government of that country, he was ready to admit, was highly ambitious; but the present government, with increased power, had no check whatever on its ambition. From every thing that he had learned, the first consul was not deeply versed in the principles of commerce; he had, however, most probably a notion that he could seize on that as well as on our credit and capital, and convey them to Paris with as much ease as he did the busts and pictures of Italy, &c. not being aware that commerce and credit would shrink and disappear whenever they met the ungenial touch of despotism. Not knowing this, Bonaparte went to accomplish by short means his great objects. These were the possessions which dawned upon his early morn. These were the objects of his prayer, to whatever Deity he addressed himself, whether to Mahomet, Jupiter, or the Goddess of Reason. He seemed to be equally erroneous in his ideas of philosophy, as of finance. He was absurd when he spoke to the most enlightened man in Europe (Mr. Fox) of the great western nation. He might make and cashier a king of Etruria, presenting a crown with one hand and a rod in the other. He might place

Italy as a rickety child in a *go-cart*, but the people in this country were not to be imposed upon by cant phrases. He could not put stale crusts of bread before them, and then persuade them like Peter in the Tale of a Tub, that it was all good mutton! He did not mean any invective against Bonaparte (*a laugh*)—He must repeat his words; there was not a syllable of "invective," properly so called in all that he uttered. His opinion was, that there was a ground of alarm, though not a sufficient cause for war. Some things had fallen from him which had produced applause from those with whom he had not recently agreed—he meant the war party. He had heard with regret and disgust, when absent through necessity from that house, that some gentlemen were for immediate war, considering war as ultimately inevitable—and of the proceedings of another party, who said they were not for war, but who frankly admitted that they were for having the places of the present ministers. A noble lord (Earl Temple) had admitted the latter, either from the ingenuousness of youth, or, what he was more inclined to suspect, from the weakness of inexperience. But what was the nation to gain by such a change? What then would be the difference? The present ministers, it appeared, had been too quiet. They had looked on what was passing, it appeared, with folded arms, and vigilant attention. The noble lord and his friends would sit with a sort of grumbling patience, and with arms *akimbo*. But the party who were candidates for places described themselves as "more capable gentlemen."—Their opponents were described as "blunt conductors," and their administration as "a mawkish mixture." They did not shew, however, any sort of capacity, in mistaking insinuations for charges, and charges for conviction. The present ministers certainly had this great merit to plead, that they had signed a peace. Were the right honourable gentleman (Mr. Addington,) and the noble lord (Hawkesbury) to be treated like a goose-quill, and a stick of sealing-wax, and to be thrown aside when that business was over? Had they signed a bond of resignation to quit the premises when that business was settled? The war party, without assigning any proper cause of blame, seemed to quarrel with the minister, like the old courtiers, "for the cut of his beard." They talked at him in the language of the Epigrammatist (Martial)

"Non amo te, Sabidi, Nec possum dicere, quare:
"Hoc tantum possum dicere; non amo te!

Or, if they like the parody better,

"I do not like you Doctor Fell;
"The reason why I cannot tell:
"But this is what I know full well,
"I do not like you, Doctor Fell.

They ask what right ministers have to our confidence? I ask by what it is they have forfeited it? He did not see that the time they succeeded to the administration was the most inviting. In the arrangement of peace, ministers had to deal with a man who would be found to retort upon them the insolent language of lord Grenville's letter, and called for "experience and the evidence of fact." I will be bold to say, that, every thing considered, the peace was as advantageous as could be obtained. The loan was afterwards made upon terms perhaps too favourable to the public: and in the last general election it was known, that never did any administration interfere less with the choice of the people, though one of the ex-ministers (Mr. Dundas) was careful in the north, to take all the electioneering business upon himself. The right hon. gentleman (Mr. Addington) in the situation of speaker, had certainly, and I speak it with great respect, much personal advantage in point of dignity and appearance over his successor; but it was not to be expected that he should carry into the cabinets of Europe, the qualities and language of a speaker of the house of commons. He was not every where to have his trident borne before him like his mace. He was not to say to the exiled and dispersed kings and princes of other countries, —"gentlemen, *take*, your places;" and say to those who obtruded themselves into their situations, "strangers must withdraw." When the French and Germans were contending for both sides of the Rhine, it would have been useless for him to proclaim "the Ayes must go forth," or "Ayes to the right and Noes to the left." These things he could not do, but he effected every thing that could have been expected from a reasonable man. Is Mr. Pitt to come to this house now, and attempt to supersede his own nominees? For none of us forget the encomiums he passed upon them in preference to all others, and only with a single exception, I believe in favour of my hon. friend (Mr. Fox). These ministers, however, have been called a mawkish mixture; but I dare say the ex-minister thinks the contrary. I believe he is one who has no objection to a glass of wine; and in that I mean no reflection on him; but he must certainly think that the present ministers are like a bottle of *tokay*, which, when drained to the very grounds, by filling the bottle with white wine, has only to stand a little, and then it is as good as the former. Even after this recommendation, some of these gentlemen voted the thanks of the house to him, instead of a statue, which, had it been erected, would be as well decorated with the olive branch which he defended, as by the laurels of war.—I, for one, think too much of his dignity to suppose him playing such a double game, as openly to support and secretly to undermine the ministers. I have heard of great chess players directing at the same time two games in different rooms, but it would be as much folly to be playing from *one hand into another*, as it would be to attempt on a chess-board to *check a king*, as the late ministry did his majesty, by holding him out to the Irish as the enemy of Roman Catholics. He then proceeded to comment on the conduct of those who continued to persevere in the war, against Mr. Fox's warning voice, that it would only make France strong. They would make no peace with a jacobin republic, but said,

"Approach me like the rugged Russian bear,
"The arm'd rhinoceros, or Hyrcanian tyger,—
"Take any shape but that—"

but Bonaparte has done every thing for them. Jacobinism was thought to be an Antæus, always rising with redoubled strength, but he crushed it at once, by giving it the true fraternal hug. He represented Bonaparte as an instrument in the hands of Providence, not only for mischief, but for the better purpose of making every Englishman and Irishman love his own constitution, and concluded his humorous and elegant speech, by declaring his opinion that this great country had no retreat in insignificance, and that if we were reluctantly compelled into a war, we should pursue it with vigour and effect, or resolve to perish in the sacred flame, with glory and with honour.

ORIGINAL LETTERS FROM DR. FRANKLIN, SILAS DEAN, ARTHUR LEE, &c.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

July 6, 1776.

DEAR SIR,

This will be delivered to you by Mr. Ellis, a friend of Doctor Franklin, of liberty and of America. He is a philosopher, very well instructed, on the subject of America; and I trust, will be both an agreeable, and useful acquaintance, while he remains near you.

I thank you for your favour of the 21st of last month. By the last advices from America, General Howe was prepared to sail for Halifax; and it is imagined, to land at New-York, where he will certainly be strongly opposed. He numbers ten thousand regulars, and it will be fortunate for us, if he make his attempt, before he is joined by the Germans, who sailed the 6th of May.

From Canada we have the horrible intelligence, that 400 Americans, who were surprized, on an out-post, by an army of regulars and Indians, were every man of them massacred in cold blood. Here are the fatal and detested fruits of what *Le Roy et ses ministres*, have so laboured at; the inciting savages to take up arms against the Americans. I enclose you a specimen of the manner in which this negociation was conducted. Soon after that, Guy Johnston came over here with two of the Indian Chiefs, who had many conferences with *Le Roy et ses ministres*, and are returned, laden with presents, promises and instructions, for the diabolical purposes of devastation and massacre. Such a recital fills the mind with horror, equal to that excited by the worst actions of the worst times. In truth, no age or country ever produced more atrocious and unprincipled men, than the authors and contrivers of this business. Upon this occasion they have even dropt their usual mask of hypocrisy, and have appeared with uncommon gaiety of countenance, since the arrival of this news, which spreads a gloom on every other face.

The Americans have taken post upon the river Richelieu and the Lakes; so that Montreal, not being tenable, is evacuated. General Lee is in Virginia, with ten thousand men, expecting Lord Cornwallis and General Clinton. General Washington commands at New-York, and General Ward, at Boston.

The strange timidity de la Cour Françoise, requires great patience and management; but I think it will at last be brought to act an avowed and decided part. When that happens, Angleterre, must submit to whatever terms they please to impose, for she is totally incapable of sustainung a war with France.

Adieu,

ARTHUR LEE.

Extract of a letter from General Schuyler, dated Albany December 14, 1775.

The Indians delivered us a speech on the 12th, in which they related the substance of all the conferences Col. Johnston had with them the last Summer; concluding with that at Montreal, where he delivered to each of the Canadian tribes, a war belt and the hatchet, who accepted it: after which, they were invited *to feast on a Bostonian and drink his blood.* An ox being roasted for the purpose, and a pipe of wine given to drink—the war song was sung. One of the chiefs of the Six nations, that attended at that conference, accepted a very large black war belt, with a hatchet depicted in it; but would neither eat, nor drink, nor sing the war song. This famous belt they have delivered up, and we have now a full proof that the ministerial servants have attempted to engage the savages against us.

July, 28, 1776.

DEAR SIR,

I received your favor of the 20th, and without having had time to read the whole, I sit down to answer what I have read. Nothing can be less true than that Dr. Franklin has resigned his seat in the general Congress. The report is probably founded on his having given up that in the Assembly of Pennsylvania, which being of less

consequence, diverted him too much from the grand busines of the United Colonies. The object of the minister is to keep things quiet for his time, which he feels is precarious, and dependent on the nod of those, behind the curtain. He therefore endeavours to conceal the bad, and colour, with every art, the state of things; that by promises and plausible pretexts, he may preserve his place, taking all the chances of fortune, and determining to leave the wreck to his successor. He is a man of great subtlety, and bends all his attention to the business of corruption.

That they neither expect success from dividing the colonies, nor mean to make any proposals, which they expect will be received, is certain. But they think the armies and fleets they have sent will either wholly, or so nearly effect the conquest of America, as to make the expence of it less unpleasing to the people here. In the mean time, to secure at all events, a majority in Parliament, they have made, and mean to make, a multitude of peers; and to keep the manufacturers quiet, they employ people to ship immense quantities of manufactures, equal to the usual export for Quebec and Halifax. The loss is to be paid by government, or most likely, will fall on the manufacturers, who have sold on credit; and if things should take a bad turn, Lord North will withdraw in time, and leave them to clamour against his successor. These are the arts by which the present specious confidence and tranquillity are maintained.

By the last advices from Halifax, some provincial troops had landed within sixty miles of it: and there were great apprehensions of its being taken.

Adieu,

ARTHUR LEE.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

Mr. James White, bookseller, Boston, has just published vol. II. of Minot's History of Massachusetts Bay. This is the posthumous work of an elegant scholar, and candid historian, who has been stiled the Boston SALLUST. The stile of Mr. M. has entitled him to a liberal commendation for its neat terseness, and the gentleness and candour of the man are not less conspicuous, than the talents of the writer. As a very liberal and acute "Review" of this work, so useful to the inquisitive and so honorable to the country, will soon appear, in the critical department of this paper, it is unnecessary for the editor to anticipate the analysis of this interesting history. He will only add, that no man solicitous to be acquainted with the curious events, which have occurred in the chief of the New-England states, the scene of romantic adventure, and intrepid exertion, will have his historical shelf unfurnished with the rude, but accurate sketch of Hutchinson, and this elegant and dispassionate continuation by Minot.

MISCELLANEOUS PARAGRAPHS.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE HONORABLE MR. RUTLEDGE.

This gentleman, whose habit is honour, and of whose eloquence, energy, and *real* patriotism, all the federalists in our country are justly proud, is, of course, so hateful to the scavengers of democracy and their philosophical employer, that, it has been a part of their *night* service, to bespatter him, from all their lumbering vehicles of obloquy. One Farnsworth, a printer's devil, of the lowest class, commenced this dirty work, under the general superintendance of a *Rhode-Island* Senator, of valiant memory. The fable of Nic Jeff's letters has been so often repeated, and refuted, that even the habitual liars of the Aurora, were almost weary of rehearsing the stale falsehood. But, a gentleman, a scholar, and a dignified assertor of federalism has every title to the persecution of jacobinic malice; and therefore, the ordinary circumstance of a migration from the south to the eastward, is magnified into political importance. For the sake of health and tranquillity, Mr. Rutledge, having removed from South Carolina to Weathersfield, a village in Connecticut, the editor of the Aurora takes occasion, in a stile of impudence peculiar to himself, to assert no less than four flagrant falsehoods, respecting the character and views of this gentleman. In the tranquil shades of Connecticut, Mr. Rutledge neither hears nor regards such calumny; and we will add, that whenever he chooses to make a summer tour, he will hardly select either Rhode-Island or Pennsylvania, for the scenes of his excursion. Into these states, as into a Botany Bay, let *rogues* hurry, and *convicts* crowd. In every country, there are sinks, and there are common sewers: These are the natural receptacles of baseness and pollution. We are constrained to say, that in these states, ordained by nature for better, nay, for admirable purposes, and adorned by many wise and virtuous men, there is a majority of low villains, guiding a timid band of credulous fools, who defile and corrupt the happiness of domestic life, and the noblest institutions of political society. They are *aliens*. They are jacobins. They are the common enemies of America; and by every magnanimous American, they are to be resisted in every lawful mode. All parley is vain; all moderation is visionary; and submission, not only pusillanimous, but fatal.

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The following remarks comprize a short, tho' faithful sketch of an odious and abominable *abuse of words*, which, among other curses attendant on revolution, seems to be entailed upon the present generation.

IMPARTIALITY.

No word, perhaps, in the whole vocabulary of the English language is more perverted than *impartiality*. It carries so pretty and conciliatory sound with it, that many an honest man is duped by it. It is intended as another name for *rectitude*, or a just sense of what is right. In its pure original signification, it is the opposite of prejudice. In the modern, popular use of it, it means any thing or nothing. "It is a tale told by an idiot signifying—nothing." "It is unison to nincompoop, and every name vituperative under Heaven." As it is used in politics, it is an *ignis fatuus*, leading the unwary and thoughtless astray. It is the ass between two stacks of hay, who, actuated by this delusive spirit of impartiality, starved when the cornucopia of Ceres was on his right hand and his left. It ought to starve its votaries. If there be a right political system, it is wise, it is worthy of praise to adhere to it. A man should place his pride in avowing, or at least in maintaining such a sentiment. The half right and the half wrong character ought to be, if he be not already, despised. He can be assured of the confidence of no good man. In religion, these observations will apply with equal force. It will serve the purposes of modern infidelity to mouth this word, for by this means it gains proselytes. The christian is advised not to be partial to his system of ethics, but to loosen the bands which bind him to it, and wander in the maze of error and deism, in the search of truth. The doctrine is plausible; but where is the man, who, having given up the "faith that made him free," for this purpose, now enlightened, rejoices that he is loosened from its hold. If there be no innate ideas, there is most certainly a moral sense of right and wrong; and that man acts unwisely, who divests himself of the former, by a voluntary pilgrimage to examine the latter. This unmeaning word is used for particular purposes like that of *patriotism*. A good patriot is one who, with the heart of a tyrant, is bawling *liberty, equality*. It is a name that it would have been well to have had expunged from every language when Robespierre made his exit, or when the first Buonaparte shall expire. [*Far. Museum.*

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All our democratic fools and knaves, whenever they vex the tormented reader with their pitiful scraps and smattering of history, affect to represent the *smallness* of the Grecian republics, as a principal cause of their dissension and anarchy. It is insisted, that those nations who have the glorious privilege of trying democratic tricks upon a *large* scale, can play the juggler with a degree of adroitness, such as the world has never witnessed. As your *democratic* reasoner has never read any thing but the politics of Paine, the philosophy of Jefferson, and the ethics of Fanny Hill, it is necessary for us to remind "*such a snipe*", that the Roman republic was *ampler*, than that, which all the states of Greece, in confederacy, could have formed; and yet with all its shew of potency, this wretched government was eternally in turmoil, from the machinations of some Tiberius Gracchus, some Clodius, or some Cataline. All the miseries of men, for a long series of years, grew out of that infamous mode of polity, a *democracy*, which Aristotle himself, followed by all the wiser politicians decared to be of *the same character*, as a *tyranny;* and is, moreover, reckoned to be only the *corruption* and *degeneracy* of a *republic*, and not to be ranked among the *legitimate* forms of government. Now, if the opinion of these ancient sages, fully justified not only by their experience, but by the continued experience of centuries, be of any value, let us act in the *spirit* of our belief. Let us not only perspicuously indicate, but boldly oppose the evils of *democracy*. If it be not a *legitimate* government, if it afford no protection, we owe it no allegiance. He is a blind man who does not see this truth. He is a base man who will not assert it.

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LITERARY NOTICE.

A specimen of very elegant workmanship has just appeared from the book-store of Mr. J. Morgan, of this city, reflecting great credit on the typographical art, and entitling to high commendation, the gentleman who has so successfully called forth the talents of the best artists in our country. The paper, the type, the engraving, the composition of the work, and the general finish of the whole, put this book at the head of elegant publications in America; and there can be no doubt, that the exquisite poet, whose labours it adorns, will feel himself flattered by so costly and elegant a dress. The American edition of GIFFORDS's JUVENAL is one of the few books that will deservedly supplant the English copy. [Gazette U. S.

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The minor scribblers, in the Aurora, and the inferior satellites of Jacobinism, all look up to Duane with a sort of superstitious terror,

——All eyes direct their rays
On him, and crouds turn rascals as they gaze.
His peers shine round him with reflected grace,
New edge their dullness, and new bronze their face,

—

The arms of the Aurora make a very conspicuous figure in the Heraldry of Jacobinism. They consist of a *pole*, with ropes *pendant*, an Irish rebel *vert*; supporters, two felons in chains *proper*, an asses head for the crest. Motto,

Si nequeo flectere Superos, Acheronta movebo.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

[The ensuing exquisite *morceau* has been communicated to the Editor by an English gentleman. It is from an unpublished manuscript of M. G. Lewis, Esq.]

PLEASURE AND DESIRE.

In yonder bower lies Pleasure sleeping,
And near him mourns a blooming maid;
He will not wake, and she sits weeping,
When, lo! a stranger proffers aid.

His hurried step, his glance of fire,
The god of wishes wild declare,
"Wake, Pleasure, wake," exclaims Desire,
And Pleasure wakes to bless the fair.

But soon the maid, in luckless hour,
Desire asleep is doom'd to view;
"Try, Pleasure, try, she cries, your power,
And wake Desire, as he 'woke you."

Fond girl, thy prayer exceeds all measure,
Distinct his province each must keep,
Desire shall ever wait on Pleasure,
And Pleasure lull Desire to sleep.

RURAL SKETCHES.

Written during the prevalence of the yellow fever in 1803.

SKETCHES—No. III.

MUSICK AT EVENING.

Sweet is the silent hour of closing day,
When twilight clothes the scene in mantle grey;
When yon proud mountain, on whose summit gleam
The sun's mild radiance and his ling'ring beam,
Re-echoes to the swain's untutor'd song,
Or the loud torrent, as it pours along.

The cow-boy, singing loud his rustic lay,
Stranger to care, and innocently gay,
Displays thy power, sweet Music, on the mind,
By Vice untainted, nor by Art refin'd.

Sweet are the notes, that o'er the placid wave
Of winding Malvon, greet the list'ning ear;
Sounds that would bid the maniac cease to rave,
And from his eye-lids force the unwilling tear.

Now scarcely heard, now swelling on the gale,
As down the stream the floating barque is borne,
By distance mellow'd, echoing through the vale,
The mournful cadence of some bard forlorn.

Thus when the tuneful lyre old Orpheus strung,
E'en senseless rocks, 'tis said, enraptur'd heard,
With mute attention listen'd as he sung,
And dwel't enchanted on each flowing word.

E'en where his consecrated ashes rest,
More plaintive swells sweet Philomela's lay,*
When faintly gleaming in the golden west,
Majestic sinks the glorious orb of day.

'Tis thine, celestial power, to ease the heart,
To calm its grief, to soothe each tort'ring smart;
To charm to rest the sigh of sullen care,
To wake contentment, and disarm despair.

LYSANDER.

FROM A BOSTON PAPER.

THE DOG AND THE ELBOW;

A METRICAL TALE.

OR, THE DANGER OF EXPOSING TOO MUCH.

As Tray one day stray'd down the street,
Fatigued and lean, and nought to eat;
And wishing 'twas his hap to find,
A bone to gnaw of any kind.
As by a splendid house he past,
His eyes he toward a window cast,
A piece of flesh, spied hanging out,
Whereat he paus'd, and rais'd his snout;
'Twas red in spots, in spots 'twas blue,
Tray mark'd it with a curious eye,
Then, with a groan, was heard to cry,
That really it would not do.
And long he gaz'd, till hunger led him on,
Poor meat, thought he, is better sure than none....
He seiz'd it then; but soon received a fell blow,
And found, in hunger he mistook,
And what he for a mutton bone had took,
Was nothing but a modern belle's fair elbow:
Ye Belles, who strut along along the street,
Or sit upon the window seat,
With elbows bare and blue,
By this sad tale a warning take,
Lest some like cur should you mistake,
And, thro' mistake, should *eat you!*

* Some of the Grecians assert, that in the neighbourhood of the tomb of Orpheus the song of the nightingale was more melodious, than in any other country. Travels of Anacharsis, the younger, vol. 2. p. 57.

SELECTED POETRY.

FROM A LONDON PAPER.

MR. EDITOR,

The following verses were composed before daylight, on the morning appointed for the departure of a very worthy, but not very pleasant, visitor; whom, it was feared, the rain might detain. If you give it a place in your paper, it must be under the title of

AN ODE TO THE RAIN.

I know it is dark: and though I have lain
Awake, as I guess, an hour or twain,
I have not once open'd the lids of my eyes;
But I lie in the dark, as a blind man lies.
O Rain, that I lie list'ning to,
You're but a doleful sound at best:
I owe you little thanks, 'tis true,
For breaking thus my needful rest!
Yet if, as soon as it is light,
O Rain! you will but take your flight,
I'll neither rail, nor malice keep,
Though sick and sore for lack of sleep:
But only now, for this one day,
Do go, dear Rain! do go away!

O Rain, with your dull two-fold sound,
The clash hard by, and the murmur all round!
You know, if you know aught, that we,
Both night and day, as ill agree,
As fun'ral hymn with *Fal de ral:*
The Lord, in heaven, knows when we shall!
For days, and months, and almost years,
Have limp'd on through this vale of tears,
Since body of mine, and rainy weather,
Have liv'd on easy terms together.
Yet, if, as soon as it is light,
O Rain! you will but take your flight;
Though you should come again to-morrow,
And bring with you both pain and sorrow;
Though stomach should sicken, and knees should swell....
I'll nothing speak of you but well;
But only now, for this one day,
Do go, dear Rain! do go away!

Dear Rain! I ne'er refus'd to say,
You're* a good creature, in your way.
Nay, I could write a book myself,
Would fit a parson's lower shelf,
Shewing how very good you are....
What then? sometimes it must be fair!
And if sometimes, why not to-day?
Do go, dear Rain! do go away!

Dear Rain! if I've been cold and shy,
Take no offence! I'll tell you why.
A dear old friend, e'en now is here,
And with him came my sister dear;
After long absence now first met,
Long months by pain and grief beset.
We three dear friends....in truth we groan
Impatiently to be alone.
We three, you mark, and not one more!
The strong wish makes my spirit sore.
We have so much to talk about;
So many tears in our eye-corners,
Sitting like little Jacky Horners....
In short, as soon as it is day,
Do go, dear Rain, do go away.

And this I'll swear to you, dear Rain!
Whenever you shall come again,
Be you as dull as e'er you could,
And by the by, 'tis understood,
You're not so pleasant as your good.
Yet knowing well your worth and place,
I'll welcome you with cheerful face.
And though you stay'd a week or more,
Yet, with kind heart, and right good will,
I'll sit and listen to you still;
Nor should you go away, dear Rain!
Uninvited to remain.
But only now, for this one day,
Do go, dear Rain, do go away!

* Here it seems that the poet, in a dreamlike mood of mind, well suited to a poet composing verses in the dark with his eyes shut, begins to confound, and gradually to identify the personified Rain with the person of the visitor. If authority were wanting, it might be found in the first scene of the last act of Wallenstein, where the idea of the planet Jupiter is confounded with that of the young hero, who, as well as Wallenstein, was born under that star. The whole passage is incomparably superior to any other of all SCHILLER'S works. O si sic omnia. The passage is short, and deserves quotation:

EPIGRAM.

ON A LADY, WHO BEAT HER HUSBAND.

Come hither, Sir John, my picture is here,
What think you, my love, don't it strike you?
I can't say it does just at present, my dear,
But I think it soon will, its so like you.

WALLENSTEIN. (*at the window*)
There is a busy motion in the heaven,
The wind doth chase the flag upon the tow'r,
Fast sail the clouds; the sickle of the moon,
Struggling, darts snatches of uncertain light.
No form of star is visible! That one
White stain of light, that single glimm'ring yonder,
Is Jupiter! [a pause] But now
The blackness of the troubled element
Hides him.
Countess. What art thou brooding on?
Wallenstein. Methinks,
If I but saw him, 'twould be well with me.
He is the star of my nativity,
And often marvellously hath his aspect
Shot strength into my heart.
Countess. Thou'lt see him again.
Wallenstein. (*after a pause*)
See him again? O never, never again.
Countess. How?
Wallenstein. He is gone—is dust!
Countess. Thou speak'st of Piccolomini, &c.

If we recollect, that Wallenstein acted, through the whole of his life, under the strongest influence of an astrological superstition, we shall not find it easy to admire this passage too highly. Some sapient critics have charged the metaphor, in the third and fourth lines of this quotation, with an incongruity; but this must surely have been the consequence of their having neither seen the crescent moon in a cloudy, windy night, or a bright sickle at work in a corn field. A simile with greater similitude would scarcely be poetic

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